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of the Young

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EDITOR.
SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH.



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THE JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR.

VOL. XXIV.

DECEMBER 1, 1889.

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
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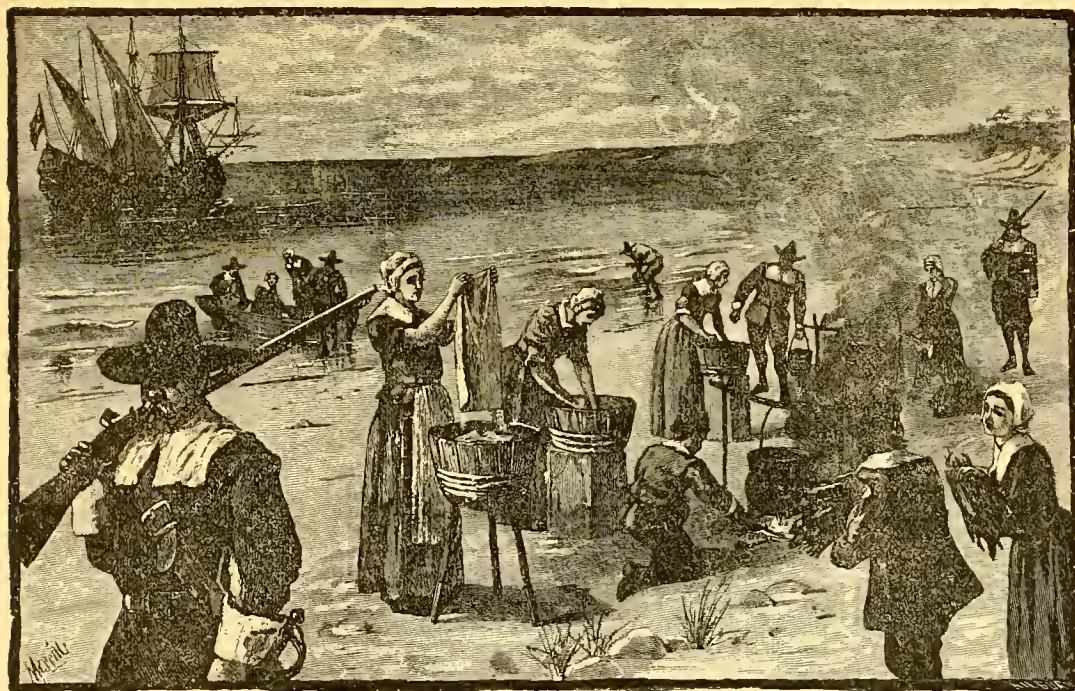
A Semi-Monthly Magazine Devoted to the Education and Elevation of the Young.

VOL. XXIV.—No. 23. SALT LAKE CITY, DECEMBER 1, 1889. TERMS: { \$2.00 per year
in advance.

OUR PILGRIM FATHERS AND MOTHERS.

IF THERE is any one thing in history more interesting or important to my dear JUVENILE friends than the scenes and incidents of the band of colonizers called the Pilgrim

the dear scenes of childhood, so saddened by the griefs of mature life, in which each would recall for the others the incidents and people of the absent home. The little children sat around surprised at the tears which would rise and choke the narrator's voice, for home to



WASHING-DAY.

Fathers, I do not know of it. You all remember how cruel were the laws and how bitter the oppression which drove them from their native English shores to seek a home of peace and freedom.

How often when I was young would I picture the long, dreary journey across the strange waters. The days, in which the mothers would gather on the deck with their children around them and talk softly of all

them was as yet on mother's lap. Anon the talk would drift to that strange land toward which they now were sailing; what would it be like? And the strange people, savages with horrid painted bodies and sharp death instruments. How the very babies must have quailed with vague fears. But when the look of horror would be noted on the childish face, how quickly would they soothe and calm the tremors. For in and through every other

thought was the calm faith in God and their own destiny. How many points of similarity between this long, dreary ocean voyage to an asylum of peace among savages and wild beasts, is the journey of our fathers and mothers across the trackless prairie wastes to a home in the barren, savage-haunted valleys of the Great Salt Lake Basin?

Can you not fancy the thrill which shook every heart when the first cry of "land, land" from the look-out rang from stern to stern of that good old ship, *Mayflower*?

With what trembling haste would they seek the vessel's prow and gaze with mingled feelings of dread and hope at this new, strange land! And as they neared the coast, with what caution would they sail lest some unforeseen danger of rock or ambushed Indian should check their progress! How often would something be made to test the depth of the water! At last it is decided to cast anchor, and the captain orders out the boats.

The landing! How half-unconsciously, half-sensing this never-to-be-forgotten historical moment did the first man set foot on the rock now so well known as Plymouth Rock!

Quick surveys of the surrounding country, little discoveries of streams and springs, of trees and woods were soon made, and at last a rapid return to the boat, hurried loading of boxes, bundles, trunks and bedding into the boats and off again for the shore. Like a hive of bees who discover a box of unclaimed honey, they speedily stripped the good ship of all her merchandise and loading, and then with a hearty, "God bless you, good-by," her captain drew anchor, raised sails, tacked about and set sail back to England for another load of conscience-persecuted people.

Then what bustle and excitement! The mothers first thought and care was of cleanliness and comfort for the loved ones of her family. The few tubs were brought out, husbands shouldered pails and carried the water—such grateful, pure, sweet water—from the streams near by, while the women cleansed the clothes, singing at their work.

Fires were lit, and over them hung the great

iron kettles to heat their water or to cook the game so easily found and killed.

As they worked, part of the men marched up and down the beach, rifle in hand, to protect them from assaults of any savage intruders who might wish to interrupt their labors.

How little these humble laborers knew of the rank and importance they would hold in history! They were among the poor and meek on English soil, who sought a distant, strange home that they might worship God according to the dictates of their own consciences. They were true, they were brave; and you and I, little JUVENILES, can have no finer examples for us to follow than these good and great Pilgrim Fathers.

THE ARCTIC EXPLORERS.

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 531.]

EMBARKING here, Franklin's party continued their explorations, confidently expecting to find an outlet to the west. Sailing and paddling along, expecting momentarily to emerge into the open Arctic sea, they traveled a distance of five hundred and fifty miles, and then found the shores suddenly blocking their progress. They had reached the bottom of the great bay. With only three day's provisions left, the party turned to retrace their footsteps. Disappointed in meeting assistance at the point where they expected it, and brought to the necessity at last of eating the remains of their old shoes and whatever scraps of leather they had, in order to appease the pangs of hunger, the sufferings of the party were such as few men could have endured. Two of the number died, and the rest succeeded at last in reaching York Factory, the point from whence they had started. They had been absent three years, and in that time had traversed a distance of over five thousand five hundred miles without having accomplished their object.

In spite of these disheartening failures, four expeditions were planned in 1823 for the

discovery of the northern passage. Franklin in command of one of these, descended the Mackenzie river to the sea, where his company divided, one party going to the east, the other to the west, hoping to penetrate to Behring's strait. Captain Beechy was dispatched around Cape Horn to sail through Behring strait and make his way to Kotzebue sound, where he was to await the overland party. Proceeding westward from the mouth of the Mackenzie, Franklin's party succeeded in penetrating to latitude $70^{\circ} 24'$ and longitude $149^{\circ} 37'$ west, only one hundred and forty-six miles from where Beechy was waiting for him in Kotzebue sound.

Franklin did not know that he was in such close proximity to the point agreed upon for their meeting, and the weather being very severe set out upon his return to the Mackenzie. He traced the coast for 374 miles from the mouth of the river, and during the following winter which was spent at Great Bear lake, made a series of important observations on terrestrial magnetism. In the following spring he returned home. In his two expeditions, Franklin had carried his explorations over a distance of nine thousand miles and had added to the charts twelve hundred miles of the northern coast line.

In recognition of his services, which had been rendered at the cost of almost incredible hardships, the English government made him a knight. In 1836, Franklin was appointed governor of Tasmania and did not return to England until 1844. During this time, he had never abandoned the hope of discovering the north-west passage, and finding upon his return home that the Royal Society of London was discussing the question of a new voyage of exploration for the discovery of the long talked of route, he applied for the command and was appointed.

The brilliant reputation of Franklin brought around him a score of volunteers—officers distinguished for talent and energy, and a crew of experienced whalesmen and sailors, who had seen years of service in the Arctic seas, so that it was with glorious hopes

and anticipations that he set sail upon the new venture. There were two ships, the *Erebus*, commanded by Franklin, and the *Terror* under Captain Crozier.

The expedition comprised in all, one hundred and thirty-four officers and men with a transport ship to carry additional stores to Disco, Greenland. All were in the highest spirits and enjoyed the fullest anticipations of success. Some in their letters sent home by the transport ship from Disco, even advised answers being directed to them at ports on the Asiatic coast.

On the 26th of July, 1845, a whale ship passing through Baffin's bay in latitude $74^{\circ} 48'$, longitude $66^{\circ} 13'$ saw the ships moored to an iceberg awaiting an entrance into Lancaster sound. It was the last time the vessels were ever seen. For a time no apprehensions were felt for their safety. When two years passed, however, and nothing had been heard of the explorers, the public began to experience a feeling of alarm and the English government took steps for sending out an expedition for their succor.

Early in the spring of 1848, three vessels sailed from England in search of the missing explorers. One of these proceeded through Behring strait, and reached Kotzebue sound. From there boats were sent out to explore the coast eastward to the Mackenzie. Proceeding northward through the densely packed ice they discovered several islands and a large body of land, but were forced to return without having discovered any trace of the lost explorers. The two other expeditions met with no better success.

The English government now gave notice that two thousand pounds would be awarded to any private expedition which should discover and render aid to the missing explorers. Lady Franklin sent petitions to the different governments praying them to join in the search for her husband and his companions. She herself fitted out a ship for exploration and had a supply of coals and provisions landed upon Cape Hay.

In 1850, there were no less than eight expe-

ditions out in search of Franklin's party. One of these, consisting of two ships under the command of Capt. Austin and Capt. Ommany, sailed through Lancaster sound and reached Cape Riley at the entrance to Wellington channel. Here Captain Ommany found the first traces of the lost party. The site of a tent paved with small stones, with meat canisters and bird bones lying about, showed that the party had camped there. At Beechy island, a short distance to the west, they came upon evidences of the first winter's encampment, and a little further along found the graves of three men belonging to the *Erebus* and *Terror*. The board set at the head bore the date 1845-6. A search was made for any record which might have been left showing the future intentions of the party, but without result. Grateful for having found at least a trace of the missing party, the rescuers divided themselves into parties and proceeded in different directions with the hope of coming upon the lost ones. Six hundred and seventy-five miles of unexplored country was covered but no other traces were to be found of the missing party. The news of these discoveries aroused a new hope in the hearts of the anxious ones at home.

In 1852, five vessels were sent out under Sir Edward Belcher, for the purpose of exploring the region west of Wellington sound, where the first traces had been discovered. Two of them sailed to Melville's bay, where they were astonished to meet McClure's ship which had sailed through Behring's strait in 1849. McClure and his men had been buried in the Arctic ice for three years and had given up all hope of deliverance. They abandoned their ship and returned home with Belcher, and were thus the first and only ship's company that sailed through Behring's strait and returned by way of Baffin's bay. Thus was established the fact that there is a continuous passage by water from Behring's strait to Baffin's bay, parallel with the coast of the American continent. McClure stated that he had found in the possession of an

Esquimaux chief a brass button which he said had been taken from the ear of a white man who had been killed by some of his tribe. The man, they said, belonged to a party which had landed at the mouth of the Mackenzie river. A search was made for the grave of this man or any evidence of the party having been there, but neither were found. In the meantime the other vessels of Belcher's command explored Wellington's channel to latitude $78^{\circ} 10'$ and were then blocked by the ice. Setting out on sledges they explored the country to the east until stopped by the water. At various points they came upon structures of ice too well built to be the work of the natives and yet no tangible trace of the missing party.

In 1854, all the vessels of Belcher's command returned to England. Collinson who had sailed at the same time with McClure on the Behring strait expedition, returned in 1854, having been obliged to come back by the way he had gone. He had reached Prince Albert sound in latitude 70° and longitude 117° and had there found in the possession of the Esquimaux a piece of iron and fragments of a hatch which he thought must have belonged to Franklin's ships. He could gain no knowledge of how they came into their possession. Dr. Rae's expedition had also discovered traces of the missing explorers.

On the south-east shore of the Gulf of Boothia, various articles of silverware belonging to the officers of the *Erebus* and *Terror* were found in possession of the natives. Upon being questioned they reported that in the spring of 1850, some Esquimaux who were killing seals near a large island known as King William's Land, saw a party of about forty white men passing along the west shore of the island dragging a boat and several sledges. They purchased a little provision and seemed to be nearly destitute of food. The natives gathered from their gestures that their ships had been crushed in the ice and they were going where they could shoot deer. Their description of the officer in command ac-

corded with Franklin's appearance. Later on, they stated, the corpses of about thirty persons and some graves were found on the continent, and also five dead bodies on an island a little further away. These men from all appearances had been driven to cannibalism before they died. The greatest grief was occasioned in England and elsewhere at the news of the story told by the Esquimaux. Though the bodies had not been discovered, yet it was felt that the tale was not without foundation, and it was feared that the fate of the whole party was foreshadowed by these particulars.

In the following spring an expedition was sent to explore thoroughly the region described as the scene of so much suffering. On the island where the five bodies were reported to have been seen there were found several sticks of wood, upon one of which was inscribed the name of Mr. Stanby, the surgeon of the *Erebus*. On a plank was found the word, "Terror." King William's Land, supposed to be the chief scene of this disaster the party could not reach.

The next year Lady Franklin fitted out a vessel at her own expense and sent Captain McClintock on a fresh search for her husband. His orders were to penetrate westward to the region in which McClure and Collinson had discovered their traces.

After many dangers and delays McClintock succeeded in reaching King William's Land. Following the coast eastward for some distance he at last came upon a sad trace of the unfortunate explorers. It was a skeleton lying at full length on the beach. Proceeding upon their search they came, two days later, upon a boat in which were two skeletons, two loaded guns, various relics, including Sir John Franklin's silver plate, besides fuel, ammunition, chocolate, tea and tobacco. Here a record was found, left five days before by Hobson, who had separated from McClintock and set out at the head of an assistant searching party. He had explored the northern and eastern shores of the island, and near the northernmost part had found a

ruined cairn, tents, and other traces of the lost party. Among the stones which had fallen from the top of one of the cairns he had found a tin case enclosing a record—the first authentic account ever given of the lost explorers. It bore the date of May 28th, 1847, and denoted the regions they had visited previously, and closed with this statement: "Sir John Franklin commanding expedition. All well. Party consisting of two officers and six men left the ships on Monday, May 24, 1847." Around the margin was written in a different hand. "April 25th, 1848. H. M. ships *Erebus* and *Terror* were deserted on the 22nd of April, five leagues N. N. W. of this, having been beset since Sept. 12th, 1846. The officers and crews consisting of 105 souls, under the command of Captain Crozier landed here. Sir John Franklin died on the 11th of June, 1847, and the total loss by deaths in the expedition has been to this date 9 officers and 15 men. Signed, F. M. R. Crozier."

Meeting with no more traces, and feeling certain that the whole party had perished McClintock returned to England. Besides solving the question which had engaged Arctic enterprise for eleven years, his expedition had completed the deliniation of the north shore of the American continent, proved the navigability of certain important straits, laid down the previously unknown outline of King William's Land, observed many new facts in terrestrial magnetism, and finally proved Sir John Franklin to have been the discoverer of the north-west passage. With the aid of the facts which have been gleaned, we are able to trace out Franklin's last voyage. During the first year it was unusually prosperous. Passing up Lancaster sound he explored Wellington channel to a point further north than was reached by the searching parties, wintered at Beechy island in its entrance, and then set out upon his journey to the point where they perished. The skeletons in the boat showed that some of the party had attempted to return, for what purpose can only be conjectured. The

greatest sorrow was occasioned throughout the world by the knowledge of the tragical fate of the brave explorers, and the heartfelt sympathy which was felt resolved itself in public expressions of appreciation and esteem.

At a meeting of the Royal Geographical Society of London, the President, Earl de Gray and Ripon, presented the founder's gold medal to Lady Franklin and expressed the decision of the Society as awarding to Sir John Franklin the highest honor for the discovery of the north-west passage. Memorials from other sections also commemorated the services rendered by the brave commander and his faithful and courageous companions; and by the unanimous vote of Parliament a monument costing two thousand pounds was erected to their memory and placed in Waterloo Place in London.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

TOPICS OF THE TIMES.

The Condition of Society.



IT IS plain to everyone who reflects that to have a perfect society, such as prophecy and revelation lead to expect will exist on the earth, there will have to be great changes made. The Zion described by the prophets could not be built up if the methods of managing affairs which are now practiced in the world were to continue. The promise is that there will be a reign of peace and righteousness on the earth for one thousand years and during which period Satan will be bound. But this would be impossible of fulfillment if men and women were governed in their conduct towards one another and to society at large by the rules which at present prevail. At the present selfishness is encouraged. In the struggle for existence which is now going on it appears necessary. Men say to themselves: "If I do not look out for myself and care for my own interests, who will do this for

me?" As society is now organized it is every man for himself, and there are but few who care for the success or welfare of their fellows. The weak go to the wall or are trampled upon by the strong. We see the results all around us of this incorrect organization of society. The strong, the talented, the capable are generally successful. They accumulate means; they increase in the power which wealth gives; they abound in the good things of this life; they become a distinct class widely separated in education, in habits, in modes of life and in tastes and methods of thought from the poorer classes.

But those who do not possess the money-hunger—that greed which urges men to give their chief thought to the acquisition of wealth, or for some other cause do not have, or do not perceive the advantages to make money, are often destitute of the comforts and sometimes even of the necessities of life, and suffer from penury.

The earth abounds in all the elements necessary for the use and the comfort of its inhabitants. There is no lack. None need go hungry or thirsty, or unclothed or unsheltered: for there is abundance for all. Horses, cattle, fowls, fish and all animal life can, by proper management, be produced to supply every want of man. The earth, by prudent cultivation, can be made to yield all the grains, vegetables and fruits needed for his support and the sustenance of the animals dependent upon him. Mother earth also possesses inexhaustible mineral resources in stone and other materials for building, in metals for tools, implements and adornment, in coal for fuel, in oil for light and in other elements which contribute to man's usefulness and comfort.

But notwithstanding there is this profusion of all elements necessary to supply man's wants, there are thousands upon thousands who are destitute of the common necessities of life, who go hungry, unclothed and unsheltered. How is this? Is there not enough for all?

Yes; there is enough; but it is not equally

distributed. There is land enough for every human being to have his proper share, and so with every other element of life. But it being the rule for each individual to provide for himself and those immediately associated with him, instead of looking to the interests of society at large, the skillful, the shrewd, the greedy and the unscrupulous contrive to monopolize more than their share of the earth and all its elements to the detriment of their less forceful neighbors. The results of all this are to be seen in the dreadful evils which abound in the world: on the one hand unbounded luxury; on the other hand wretched misery.

These conditions will continue to prevail as long as mankind act upon the rules which now govern society. While they govern the conduct of the people the full reign of truth and righteousness will not be possible and Zion cannot be built up to fulfill the promises of the Lord.

Even now we see class distinctions growing up among the Latter-day Saints. While each man struggles for the benefit of himself and his family, and feels no obligations to care for his neighbor's welfare only in a general sort of way, these distinctions become more and more apparent as the people continue to increase in worldly substance. The men gifted with financial ability are gathering around them wealth in all its various forms. They obtain more land, build finer houses, have more elegant furniture, have more costly clothing, and more horses, cattle, carriages and other luxuries which money purchases, than their neighbors who have not the same gift for accumulating this world's goods.

If this condition of affairs should continue, what is there to prevent the Latter-day Saints from becoming like the people of the world elsewhere? They are human beings and subject to all the weaknesses of the race, and if left to themselves, would fall into all the evils which now afflict humanity. To deliver them from such a fate, there must be a superior power exercised. Every believer in the revelations of God must believe that it is

possible for our Great Creator to make known to man a way by which he can be delivered from the terrible evils which are now crushing and inflicting so much misery on his race. He is able to point out a plan of life which man can adopt that will bring about all the results desired and yet not require him to live at violence with his inclinations or interests. Already He has given us some knowledge concerning the way in which this can be accomplished. Of this we may be satisfied, that it will be through obedience to law—law which will be in perfect harmony with our natures and under which we can progress and every part of our being be fully developed. When that law is fully obeyed it will be easy to love our neighbor as we do ourselves, instead of it being as at present, a most difficult thing to do. Under such a law the gifts with which men are endowed by their Creator will not be used for the benefit of themselves and their own narrow circle of relatives alone, but will be for the advancement of all. The earth, with its teeming elements of comforts and riches, with its wealth of everything necessary to make all mankind happy, will not be the property of a favored class, who will selfishly monopolize it; but it will be possessed and enjoyed by the whole family of God, and every human want that is proper will be fully satisfied. There will be no rich nor any poor, for all distinctions of this kind will be abolished.

God speed that happy day and help His people to prepare themselves for it to be ushered in.

The Editor.

PAIN.—The brute animals have all the same sensations of pain as human beings, and, consequently, endure as much pain when their body is hurt; but in their case the cruelty of torment is greater, because they have no mind to bear them up against their sufferings, and no hope to look forward to, when enduring the last extreme of pain, their happiness consisting in present enjoyment.

For Our Little Folks.

COURTESY.

“**H**ONESTY is the best policy.” A boy or a man who is honest only because it pays, is at heart dishonest. Yet God has so ordained matters in this world that honesty is as much a matter of interest as duty. Courtesy is a duty. But it pays to be courteous. It is our duty and our interest to entertain kindly feelings towards all, and to express them in a kindly way. That is the best definition of courtesy.

The President of the New York Shoe and Leather Bank, Mr. Stout, is known for uniting business ability with unfailing courtesy. He has a pleasant word for every one, even when driven by business. “One day,” says a correspondent, “a man came into the bank and opened an account. ‘I came here,’ he said, ‘not simply because I knew my money would be safe with you, but because you are always civil. I have been a depositor in —— Bank for many years. I went today to see the cashier. I knew him when he had no society to boast of, and hardly enough money to pay for a dinner at a cheap restaurant. I laid my hat on the desk, which I suppose I had no business to do. He waved his hand with an imperious air, and said, “Take that hat off!” I removed my hat, when he said, “Now I’ll hear what

you have to say.” “I’ve nothing to say to you.” I went to the book-keeper, ordered my account made up, took the bank’s check for \$42,000, and this I wish to deposit.’”

Lundy Foot began business in Dublin in a very small shop. To every little girl who bought a half-penny worth of snuff, he was as courteous as if she were the first lady in the city. “Thank you, my dear,” he would say, neatly putting up the snuff. “Call again if you please.” His courtesy made him popular, his business increased, and he died worth several millions of pounds. It pays to be courteous, and it don’t pay to be a boor. Y.

HARD WORK AT SCHOOL.

WE ARE afraid the boys of our day would think a hard discipline was imposed on them if old school laws were now in force. In the “Life of John Locke,” the great English philosopher, an account is given of the plan of study at Westminster school, which he attended in boyhood. It left little room for lazy habits.

The scholars rose before six in the morning, for prayers and breakfast. From six to eight the older scholars repeated Greek and Latin rules, gave paraphrases in Latin of passages from Greek and Latin authors, uttering them without previous preparation. The younger scholars re-

peated long passages in Latin and Greek, learned over night. Then came an hour for study. From nine to eleven were examinations in Greek and Latin prose and verse, and translations, *viva voce*, from English into Latin and Greek. Two hours were then given to dinner, and to the deciphering of Latin manuscripts. From one to three, came translations from Greek to Latin and from Latin to Greek, in both prose and verse. An hour was then allowed for recreation and play; and from four till supper, they were busy in translating from Greek and Latin prose into English prose, and Greek and Latin poetry into English poetry. The bright boys in the school learned to speak and write in the classical tongues.

IT WAS the beautiful expression of a Christian who had been rich, when he was asked how he could bear his reduced state so happy: "When I was rich I had God in everything; and now I am poor, I have everything in God."

THE BOYS WHO "PLAY MARBLES."—Did you ever notice how soon boys get angry, and call each other bad names, and sometimes even strike each other, over a game at marbles? This is why some mothers dread to have their little boys play marbles. The trouble must be with the boys. There is no mill into which boys who get angry quickly, and strike, "who

play for keeps," who cheat and steel, can be put, and be turned out gentle, honest boys, but we sometimes wish there was. You must keep watch yourselves, boys, and be sure that you "play fair," and keep good-natured.

ANSWERS TO QUESTIONS ON CHURCH
HISTORY PUBLISHED IN No.
21, VOL. XXIV.

1. How long a time elapsed between the Prophet's prediction, that Brigham Young would preside over this Church, and its fulfillment? A. About twelve years.
2. How did Brigham Young spend his time after returning home from his first visit to the Prophet at Kirtland? A. He labored diligently in the ministry in Canada, New York and other places.
3. Who did he take with him when he visited Kirtland the next time? A. Several families who had embraced the gospel under his ministry.
4. When did Brother Brigham and his children gather to Kirtland? A. In September, 1833.
5. What trait of Brigham Young's character was clearly illustrated upon his arrival in Kirtland? A. Unswerving devotion to the cause of God.
6. Under what circumstances was this manifested? A. The people being poor at Kirtland it was impossible for the gathering Saints to get suitable work, hence many went elsewhere to obtain it; but Brigham

Young chose to stay where he could hear the teachings of the servants of God and help build up the kingdom.

7. How did his condition compare with that of those who had gone away to work among the Gentiles, when they returned? A. He had means, though some of them returned with little or none.

8. Children, is it not always best to take the course which the servants of God point out? A. It is.

THE following persons answered Questions on Church History published in No. 21: Emma E. Tolman, Heber C. Blood, Jennetta Blood, Henry H. Blood and James G. West.

QUESTIONS ON CHURCH HISTORY.

1. WHAT kind of a spirit seized many of the Twelve Apostles in those early days of the Church? 2. How did they speak of the Prophet Joseph? 3. At a certain meeting of the Apostles and other leading Elders what question was discussed? 4. Who opposed the proposition that was made? 5. What stand did Brigham Young take? 6. How did his position affect some of those present? 7. What man was particularly noticeable? 8. What was the result of the meeting? 9. What was needed in this great time of trial? 10. Without this who was liable to falter?

TRUST.

I CANNOT see with my small human sight,
Why God should lead this way or that for me;
I only know He saith, "Child, follow me."

But I can trust.

I know not why my path should be at times
So straightly hedged, so strangely barred before;

I only know God could keep wide the door.

But I can trust.

J. A.

PUTNAM AND THE GOVERNOR.

ISRAEL PUTNAM made himself such a reputation during the French war, wherein he served nine years, that he was looked upon as the hero of Connecticut, as Washington was the hero of Virginia. In 1765, the stamp-act excitement occurred, and Putnam was sent by the Sons of Liberty, as their representative, to the Governor of Connecticut. Mr. Parton thus gives the interview in the *Ledger*:

"What shall I do," asked the Governor, "if the stamped paper should be sent to me by the King's authority?"

"Lock it up," said Putnam, "until we visit you again."

"And what will you do with it?"

"We shall expect you to give us the key of the room where it is deposited; and, if you think fit, in order to screen yourself from blame, you may forewarn us upon our peril not to enter the room."

"And what will you do afterwards?"

"Send it safely back again."

"But if I should refuse you admission?"

"Your house will be level with the dust in five minutes."

Fortunately the stamped paper never reached Connecticut, and the act was repealed soon after.

WHAT WAS IT?

SUCH a curious thing happened to me,
Only the other day,
That I'd like to tell you about it,
If you only say I may.

I was looking out at the window,
Watching the feathery snow;
It was beautiful in its falling,
But I wished the winter would go.
For you see I'd lost my skate-straps
And broken my sled, that day;
And of course after that had happened
I couldn't wish winter would stay.

So I stood and scowled at the snowflakes,
And drummed on the window-pane;
When all of a sudden my tapping
Was answered back again.
And such a curious buzzing,
Seemed to come out of the ground;
That I threw the window wide open,
And hastily looked around.

I couldn't see anything out there,
So I shut down the window again;
But I listened with all my might,
As I leaned against the pane.
And the funniest little voices,
That were sweet as sweet could be,
Were merrily singing and talking,
And calling up to me.

And they said, "Little boy, be patient,
The spring-time will come by-and-by;
We are getting ready to meet it,
While under the snow we lie.

Don't you hear the dear little violets
Shaking out their dresses of blue?
And Daffy Down Dilly is combing
Her locks of the golden hue.

"So patiently wait—we are coming,"
Here a furious gust of wind
Came whirling and twirling the snowflakes
As if he would leave none behind.
And I heard no more of the voices,
Though I listened and listened again;
Only the whirling snowflakes,
Came softly against the pane.

I think they must have been fairies,
And the springtime will bring them to view
My big brother Ned says I dreamed it,
But I don't believe him. Do you?

Kate.

A PEPPER-CORN.

IN A certain part of Scotland, the poor people who lived on the land owned by a wealthy man used to come yearly to pay their rent. What do you think it was? Why, simply a pepper-corn. It has been the custom for a long series of years for a certain day. It did not cost the poor man anything, nor did it make the landlord any richer; but it was a sign-tribute which they paid him as their master.

Now it is just so with those who swear. Every oath is a pepper-corn which they give to the devil. It does neither party good. It just shows who is their master.

No boy or girl is too small to do some good to others. A kind word often does great good.

The Juvenile Instructor.

GEORGE Q. CANNON, EDITOR.

SALT LAKE CITY, DECEMBER 1, 1889.

EDITORIAL THOUGHTS.

Revelation.--Wanton Killing.



WE HEARD recently of a man, who professes to be a member of the Church, making remarks to the effect that it is not possible for men to have a knowledge of future events or to foretell what will take place hereafter.

How anyone who belongs to our Church can make such remarks seems wondrous strange. To believe such a statement as the above, the man who makes it must be utterly destitute of the Spirit of God and dead to all its influences. He may not be conscious of the fact, but in making such remarks he has denied the faith. The true faith of Christ is that the Holy Ghost will reveal things to come to those who receive it; and the Holy Ghost is promised to and bestowed upon every man, woman and child who repent sincerely of sin and are baptized and confirmed members of the Church of Christ by one having authority. All members of the Church who have been faithful and have had any experience in the Church, know that the Spirit of God is a spirit of revelation and knowledge, for they have had many things given to them while under its influence, which they could not otherwise have received. They have been warned of evils, have been prompted by it in many ways that have been of advantage, and even children have had many things revealed to them concerning their own future which, afterwards, have been fulfilled.

The man who denies the spirit of revelation and says that men cannot know concerning future events or anything respecting the hereafter, has either never been sincere in

entering the Church, or if he has, has since fallen into such darkness and sin that the Lord has entirely withdrawn His Spirit from him. Dreadful is the condition of the man who is in this state, and awful is the future which awaits him.

THE disposition of men and boys to kill wild animals and birds, and even every insect which crosses their path, is very general—far too general among Latter-day Saints. Why should there be such eagerness to kill these creatures? Why should men and boys, when they see wild geese, or ducks or rabbits come within gunshot, be so full of anxiety to kill them, not because they are hungry and want food, but because they have pleasure in taking their lives? The very persons who think it fine fun to hunt for game, and who will tramp miles upon miles to get chances to shoot it, would think they were dreadfully treated if men who are stronger and more numerous than they, were to seek their lives and make it a pastime to shoot them.

"Oh! but," some of these hunters may say, "the comparison is not a good one; for there is a great difference between animals and human beings. We are human beings."

That is true. There is a great difference between wild beasts and birds and human beings; but, nevertheless, all derive their life from our Great Creator. He has bestowed life upon man, and upon beasts, birds, fishes and insects, and no one has the right to take that life, except in the way and under the conditions which the Lord prescribes.

Man's life is forfeited and it can be taken by law, when he murders a fellow being. The Lord has given animals, fowls and fish to man for his use. They are placed under man's control, to be used for food with prudence and thanksgiving and not wastefully. But we have heard of animal life being very much wasted to gratify the hunting propensity of some men. This is wrong. When people can use game of any kind for food, and they stand in need of it, the Lord is not displeased if they kill it. When, however,

they hunt it for the mere pleasure of killing, then sin is committed.

The time will come when man and animals which are now wild and ferocious will dwell together without hurting each other. The prophets have foretold this with great plainness. But before this day comes men will have to cease their war upon the animals, the reptiles and the insects. At the present time every one of these flee from his presence with fear; they feel that if he can reach them by his weapons, he will kill them. The Lord gives them knowledge enough to take care of the lives which He has given them, and He, doubtless, teaches them to shun man. But when man becomes their true friend, they will learn to love and not to fear him. The Spirit of the Lord which will rest upon man will also be given to the animal creation—man will not hurt nor destroy, not even tigers and lions and wolves and snakes, and they will not harm him—and universal peace will prevail.

GLADSTONE'S HOME, HAWARDEN.

THE artist has in this picture presented us with a view of Hawarden castle the residence of William E. Gladstone, undoubtedly the greatest statesman in the British empire at the present time. Not only does Mr. Gladstone's pre-eminent ability entitle him to the esteem and prestige which his name has attained among all civilized people, but his remarkably long public life, extending over the most eventful fifty years of the world's history, has given him a place in the heart of the English people never held by any other man.

As the home is only interesting because of the personality of those who occupy it, so would any attempted sketch of Hawarden be imperfect without generous allusion to its celebrated owner. In brief then, William Ewart Gladstone was born in Liverpool in 1809, and was the fourth son of his parents, who on both sides were of Scotch descent.

His father removed to Liverpool in the latter part of the last century and by a series of daring yet judicious mercantile ventures soon made himself the possessor of a vast fortune. He was the first merchant of the great commercial metropolis to engage in the East India trade, and his success not only made him wealthy, but it opened the way for others and has contributed in an incalculable degree to the commercial greatness of the Liverpool of today. William must have inherited from this worthy father the keen insight into financial affairs which has made him so distinguished in his political career. But he was destined by his father and evidently by providence for the labors of a legislator. With this object in view he was sent to Eton when he was eleven years old, and to Oxford when he was twenty, from which mighty institution he was graduated with high honors two years later. The next year, 1832, with a reputation well established as a close reasoner, a ready debater and an industrious and conscientious thinker, he entered parliament. Peel was his great model, and the young collegiate soon made himself an invaluable assistant to the brilliant parliamentary chieftain, being rewarded in turn by the warm attachment and tremendous influence of that gifted leader.

Gladstone was in the beginning a stubborn anti-reformer. He opposed reforms in the church, reforms in politics, reforms in the commercial policy, the emancipation of the Jews, and many other measures on which his views have since entirely changed. By the Whigs and Liberals he was regarded as an Oxford bigot, and both by tongue and pen from the time of his entrance into politics until the death of Sir Robert Peel, he acquitted himself in such a manner as to almost deserve the reproach. Since that time, however, he has been engaged in the inauguration and fulfillment of a series of changes and reforms of the most extensive and important character. Such has been his record for the last forty years, during which long period he has been the leader of the Liberal party, and since the



GLADSTONE'S HOME.

death of Disraeli, the most conspicuous figure on the British political stage. Today, notwithstanding his great age, his mental faculties are as keen and his eloquence as contagious as when in years gone by he measured lances in Parliament or on the hustings with that rare leader, Beaconsfield, the Jew. In personal appearance his shoulders have little more stoop and his gait little more of shuffling than when he was in his prime. His massive features have become more leonine and his hair has become silvered with the snows; but otherwise he seems as powerful to labor for the welfare of his countrymen and as prompt to resist encroachments upon the rights of the great middle class to which he belongs and of the lower class from which he sprang as he ever was. The present writer saw it published of him a few years ago that when some busy bigots appealed to him as Prime Minister to prevent the emigration of members of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints into what was called a system of barbarism, he replied that he presumed the converts went of their own accord, and if so, he knew of no authority vested in him to interpose.

The engraving, as stated in the beginning, represents his residence at Hawarden. Here he spends his time in scholarly pursuits and in the sturdy recreations of a country gentleman, when not engaged in his parliamentary labors. He varies his studies in the ancient classics with problems in modern economics, and when he desires relief from both, he seizes an axe and chops down an oak or two on his estate. It is a large and delightfully situated property, not far from Chester in North Wales.

STUDIES serve for delight, for ornament and for ability. Their chief use for delight is in privateness and retiring; for ornament is in discourse; and ability is in the judgment and disposition of business. For expert men can execute and, perhaps, judge of particulars, one by one; but the general counsels and the plots and marshaling of affairs come best from those that are learned.

ALEXANDER THE GREAT.

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 534]

DESIROUS to know what would be the result of his projected scheme against Persia, Alexander visited the oracle at Delphi, and received, or some say extorted, a favorable reply from the priestess. He then returned to Macedonia. After the events that had just transpired in Greece, he felt that he could leave his possessions there without fear of any serious uprising for sometime to come. Therefore, in the autumn of 335 B. C., all things being prepared, he set out for Pella. This town, situated in the extreme north-east of Macedonia, was the great central war office and training quarters of the army.

As Alexander never returned to Greece, we will now leave its history, and follow him into Asia, the scene of his next exploits. The army sent into Asia by Philip was still there under the generalship of Parmenio. He had gained some victories, and sustained some defeats; but had not accomplished anything of a striking nature.

Darius, the Persian king, in the meantime, had been very busy, making great preparations to withstand the expected invasion of his country.

Early in the spring of the year 334 B. C., Alexander had his army mustered between Pella and Amphipolis, with his fleet near at hand in the bay. His army consisted mostly of Macedonians, Thracians and other Pæmians, with a few Greeks. Most of the civil and military functionaries were Greeks. Probably there could be found more men of this nationality in the army of Darius than in that of Alexander. The Macedonian army was the best trained and most skilled of any in existence at that time. It was organized and made great by Philip, and was improved upon by his son. Its officers were sons of Macedonian nobles, who in their youth had been employed as pages in Philip's household; being promoted consecutively from that position to that of palace guard, body-guard, and military officer. Thus, at his father's death,

Alexander found ready to his hand, a large army, arranged in the following order: The Macedonian phalanx, said to be invincible; a body of heavy infantry, using as weapons the long two-handed pike or sarissa. The Hypaspists, or light infantry. The Companions, or heavy artillery. The Light Cavalry, Lancers, or Sarissa-phori, with lighter troops, as archers, dartsmen, etc., all very useful as aids. There was also a siege-train, with a stock of projectile and battering rams. These last were quite essential to Alexander, as much of his campaign consisted of sieges. These forces he improved and enlarged upon, until they became the greatest that had ever been known.

The affairs of Greece were left in the hands of Antipater, an old and tried officer of Philip's. Of infantry 12,000, and of cavalry 1,500 remained with him, to keep the Grecian cities under subjection, and resist any possible aggressions of the Persian fleet. Alexander took with him Antipater's three sons as pledges of his fidelity. Though little liked in Greece, Antipater discharged his duties in an honorable manner. He was much annoyed by Olympias, who disliked him, and who sought in every way to poison the mind of her son against him, fortunately for him without avail.

All being in readiness, Alexander now took up his line of march toward Sestos, on the shore of the Hellespont. Here he was met by his fleet, consisting of one hundred and sixty triremes, and some trading vessels. The passage across the strait was accomplished without accident by Parmenio, while Alexander went down to Ilium to sacrifice to the gods before embarking upon his perilous expedition. In the temple of Athene, the patron goddess, he deposited some of his own armor, taking in exchange some supposed to have been worn by one of the heroes of the siege of Troy. This he carried away with him as a sort of charm against defeat. He erected altars in honor of the gods Zeus, Herakles and Athene, on both the European and Asiatic shores of the Hellespont.

A review of the army on the Asiatic shore, revealed a total in number of 30,000 infantry and 4,500 cavalry, making in all 34,500 soldiers. With this small force, and an empty money chest, it is wonderful to think of what he accomplished in the short period of eleven years, the time which elapsed from his landing in Asia to his death in Babylon. The Persian leaders made a great mistake in allowing Alexander to land upon their shores without opposition. Their forces were within a few days' march, and these, with their superior fleet, had they been present, could easily have prevented, or at least delayed his entrance into Asia. Once in the country, the cause of Alexander was half won. A powerful Persian force had gathered at Zeleia in Phrygia, to meet him. It was commanded by Arsites, with forty other Persian nobles, distinguished for bravery and valor as officers. Their army consisted mostly of cavalry greatly outnumbering those of Alexander, being estimated at twenty thousand. The infantry, numbering about the same, were inferior both in number and quality, consisting mainly of hired Grecian troops from the Greek cities of Asia Minor, with some exiles from Greece itself.

The head of part of the Persian forces, and by far the wisest and most far-seeing of their generals, was a man named Memnon. He and his two sons were present at Zeleia. It was not his policy to hazard a battle on land against Alexander, but rather to act on the defensive until such time as their superior navy could be brought to bear against him. He favored the plan of attacking him at home and ridding their country of him by obliging him to return for the protection of his home interests. Had Darius and his generals listened to his advice, they would have made a much better defense of their empire; but strong in the belief of the power of their wealth and overwhelming numbers, to resist the comparatively small force of Alexander, they allowed him to enter their kingdom unchallenged, only to awake to a sense of their great mistake when it was

too late to dislodge him. Superior numbers, without other qualifications of soldiers could not cope to any advantage with a small force of well trained and armed troops, led by a man of pre-eminent military ability. There is no doubt that if the Persian troops had been led by a general of equal ability to Alexander, his conquest of that empire would not have been accomplished with so little trouble and loss of life on the part of the Macedonians, as compared with the immense losses of their adversaries.

The Persians were encamped on the right bank of a small, fordable, unimportant stream called the Granicus. The bank on that side was high and steep. On the opposite side, where Alexander took up his position, the bank was level, and less steep. Both armies were in full view of each other. Gunpowder being unknown at that time, there was no firing, consequently there was no smoke to obscure the view. The manœuvres of each general were plainly visible to the other. The Persians could readily distinguish Alexander by his splendid armor and the deference paid him, and brought their heaviest forces to bear at a point where it was apparent he would take the lead. With a few words of encouragement to his men, Alexander gave the order to advance. They plunged into the river, but, on reaching the steep bank met with a stout resistance from the Persians. Being on lower ground, with insecure footing, they could make no headway against those above them. Alexander speedily came up with the main body of cavalry, and the horses of the two sides became so jammed together that there was no chance to use arms, and the contest became one of physical force and pressure. The Persians presently gave way before the bristling array of the Macedonian phalanx, whose rows of heavy spears, ten deep had a most formidable appearance, and the Macedonians gained level ground.

One of the secrets of Alexander's success was that he always led his soldiers himself, and set them an example of courage and energy by always being found in the thickest

of the fray. At the battle which ensued when the two armies came together on the east bank of the Granicus, he slew with his own hand Mithridates, son-in-law of Darius, and another of their leaders named Phoesakes. Many of the leading Persians then rushed desperately upon Alexander, and he was in great danger of being slain. One of his body guard, seeing the arm of a Persian noble raised to strike a fatal blow at him un-awares, raised his sword, and with one blow struck off the nobleman's arm, thus saving the life of his general. Later in Alexander's history we shall see how well he requited this brave deed. After this event, the efforts of all his guards to protect him were redoubled. The result was that many of the Persian nobles were slain and their ranks broken. Their cavalry were completely routed and fled in every direction. As yet the Persian infantry had taken no part in the battle. Turning his attention to them in a short time they were literally cut to pieces, scarcely a man escaping, except two thousand who were taken prisoners. Of the Persian cavalry, only one thousand were slain; but among them was the very flower of the army. Arsites, the main one who had resisted the counsel of Memnon, and was in a great measure the means of precipitating the battle fled, and, covered with remorse and humiliation, committed suicide. The Persian infantry as a body, was completely ruined.

The Macedonian loss was one hundred and fifty killed, and about ten times as many wounded. The latter Alexander saw well cared for, visiting and administering comfort to them himself. The dead of both sides he saw honorably buried, and to their surviving relatives granted immunity from taxation and personal service in the army. The captives, mostly Greeks, were put in chains and sent to Macedonia as slaves, on the ground that they had taken up arms against their native country. He also sent three hundred suits of armor from the spoil to the Acropolis, to be dedicated to the goddess Athene.

The news of this decisive victory, which

left no force to oppose his progress, struck terror into the hearts of the surrounding tribes of Phrygia and Asia Minor, many of whom sent envoys to make submission to him. These were permitted to occupy their lands on condition that they pay to him the same tribute they had been paying to Darius. The Grecian city of Zeleia, whose troops were serving the Persians, sued for and obtained pardon on the ground that they had been forced to serve Daskylum, chief city and residence of the satrap of Phrygia, surrendered. Alexander now had full possession of Phrygia, which he left in charge of Kallas, one of his officers. With his main force, he marched southward to Sardis, capital and chief city of Lydia, as well as its chief military headquarters. This citadel, situated upon a hill and well fortified, was considered impregnable. So panic stricken had the people become, however, that eight miles outside of the city, he was met by a deputation of chief men, headed by the Persian governor of the citadel, who gave into his hand, without even the trouble of asking for it, the town and garrison. Upon examination, Alexander was greatly astonished at the strength of his new possession, and congratulated himself upon his easy acquisition of such a stronghold. He built a temple in honor of Zeus or Jupiter, on the spot where the palaces of the old Lydian kings had always stood. The vein of superstition and religion which was the one Greek feature of his character, will be seen to stand out prominently in all his doings. Being now in possession of Sardis, which was the interior Persian stronghold of Lydia, he next desired to take Miletus and Ephesus, their headquarters on the coast; so thither he bent his steps. Miletus surrendered as Sardis had done; while the garrison at Ephesus entered two ships and fled, leaving him to take the city without opposition.

These were fortunate events for Alexander, as he could now communicate with his fleet, which was cruising around under the command of Parmenio's son, Nikanor. Matters

were in this condition, when word arrived that the Persian fleet was approaching. Upon learning this, the governor of Miletus changed his tactics and was disposed to resist the intruder. With his characteristic energy and rapidity, Alexander occupied the harbor with his own fleet, and took the town by force before the Persians had time to arrive in aid of their allies. Indeed they were within sight during the storming of the town but were unable from Alexander's position, to do anything to assist them. While Alexander was thus conquering the Lydian territory, Memnon had sent his wife and children as hostages to Darius, asking to be appointed to the headship of all the Persian forces; which desire had been granted.

It was Parmenio's desire, when the two fleets came together, to engage in a naval battle. To this Alexander objected. He knew the superiority of the Persian fleet, and that a defeat would probably bring about an insurrection in Greece, whose people, he knew, would revolt at any time when the tide of victory should seem to have turned against him. Shortly after, he disbanded his fleet and sent them home, with the exception of enough for transportation purposes, having resolved to confine his operations to the land. The Persian fleet was withdrawn to Halikarnasus, in which direction Alexander was now marching. On his way he was met by Ada, a member of the royal family of Karia. She surrendered her own town Alinda, adopted him as her son, and asked protection against her brother Pixadorus, who had expelled her from Halikarnasus and made it a stronghold of defence against the invaders. There were gathered to this city besides Pixadorus and the inhabitants, the whole Persian fleet; Memnon, with the remnants of the scattered forces of the Granicus; a large force of Asiatics under Prantobates, and a large garrison of mercenary Greeks under Ephialtes, the Athenian exile. The city was well fortified, and had plenty of provisions, arms and engines of defense. At first sight Alexander foresaw that a siege would be a lingering and

difficult enterprise. But as difficulties and obstacles were what his soul delighted to surmount, he was not daunted. The first few days he devoted himself to the north wall of the city, endeavoring to force an entrance, but without avail. He then tried the west wall with a similar result. Seeing that it would be necessary to get his engines close to the walls if he would effect a breach, he employed his soldiers to fill up the wide and deep ditch surrounding the city. They were protected from the missiles hurled from the wall by the besieged during their work by movable houses called tortoises. Then the great engines and battering rams were rolled up close to the walls. With these ponderous machines, it did not take long to make a breach. But judge of the surprise of Alexander to find a second wall, built half-moon shape across that portion where he had been at work on the outer wall. This second wall had been built by the besieged during the time employed by Alexander in battering down what he supposed to be the only wall of the city. Twice during this time the troops of the besieged had sallied out upon them but had been driven back both times.

Alexander now asked a truce to bury his dead, which was granted by Memnon. A few days were spent in this duty and in repairing some of the engines which had been burned by the assailants; the troops within the city in the meantime, strengthening their walls and preparing for another attack. Alexander then recommenced the siege with redoubled vigor. Knowing the walls could not hold out long, Ephialtes, dreading to fall into the hands of his former enemy, resolved not to survive its capture. He obtained permission to make a desperate sally upon the besiegers, rout them if possible and burn their engines. At daybreak, with two thousand men, one half armed to fight the enemy, the other half with torches to burn the engines, the gates were thrown suddenly open, and they poured out upon the besiegers. The suddenness of the attack dismayed some of the Macedonians, and they fled, but were soon

rallied by the efforts of Alexander and his officers. They succeeded in firing some of the engines, but no great damage was done. Ephialtes was slain and the troops were driven back into the city with severe losses. Feeling that his power was broken, Memnon set fire to his engines and arms and the outer houses of the city, which burned while he carried away the soldiers, people and stores to the citadel of Salmakis and two neighboring islands.

Alexander destroyed the city and gave the whole territory of Karia to Ada, spoken of before as one of the royal family. He blockaded the remaining citadels occupied by the Persians, and left his general, Ptolemy, with three thousand men, to guard them.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

A BOY SOLDIER ONE HUNDRED YEARS 'AGO.

IT WAS the winter of 1775-76.

General Howe, with a British army, was in Boston, and there was a large fleet of British war-ships in the harbor; but around Boston, in Roxbury and Cambridge, was an army of American farmers, under General Washington, besieging the city.

The siege began the day after the affair of Lexington and Concord, and had been kept up all through the year.

In the American army was a soldier, Abner Wilke, who was only sixteen years old. His father had enlisted in the army, but had gone home to look after affairs, and Abner was in the ranks as his substitute. His regiment was stationed in Roxbury.

It was pretty hard work digging in the frozen ground through the day, throwing up entrenchments or mounting guard at night, with his gun on his shoulder, pacing up and down in the darkness, with the mercury down to zero, and the wind blowing a gale, and the snow drifting in his face, keeping a sharp look-

out upon the enemy; but he had enough to eat. This was his bill of fare during the week.

Corn beef and pork, half a pound a day, four days in the week.

Salt fish, one day.

Fresh beef, two days.

Six ounces of butter a week.

Half a pint of rice or Indian meal, once a week.

Three pints of peas or beans.

A pound of flour a day.

Potatoes.

Onions.

Cabbages.

Turnips.

Molasses.

One quart of spruce beer a day.

The soldiers had to cook their own food, and the great trouble was how to do it, for there was a lack of camp-kettles. But they baked their potatoes and onions; boiled their meat, turnips and cabbages; made their Indian meal into hasty pudding, and ate it with molasses.

Abner was quartered in a house close by the road leading down upon the "Neck," a narrow strip of land between Roxbury and Boston.

As he paced up and down the lines, doing picket duty, he could see the muzzles of the British cannon peeping through the embrasures of the fortifications on the "Neck." It was but a little distance to the British picket line, and he sometimes had friendly talks with the red-coated sentinel keeping watch on the other side. He learned that the British troops had to live almost wholly on salt meat and fish.

Once during the fall, a war ship sailed around Cape Cod to Connecticut, and landed a body of troops, who seized a flock of sheep and a herd of cattle, and brought them to Boston, and the soldiers had a little fresh beef and mutton, and that was all; only the wags in London lampooned General Gage by publishing some verses:

"In days of yore the British troops
Have taken warlike kings in battle;
But now, alas! the valor droops,
For Gage takes naught but harmless cattle.

"Britons, with grief your bosoms strike,
Your faded laurels loudly weep;
Behold your heroes, Quixote like,
Driving a timid flock of sheep."

There were some bright men in the American army, and one of them got a hand-bill printed. Abner took a copy when he went out on picket, rolled a stone up in it and threw it to the red-coat. The British soldier picked it up, unrolled it, and read:

AMERICAN SOLDIERS.

I. Seven dollars a month.

II. Fresh provisions in plenty.

III. Health.

IV. Freedom, ease, affluence and a good farm.

BRITISH SOLDIERS.

I. Three pence a day.

II. Rotten salt tack.

III. The scurvy.

IV. Slavery, beggary and want.

The red-coat put it in his pocket, but the next night a British soldier came into camp; the next night another one came; and then they came a half a dozen at a time—so many of them that General Howe ordered several who attempted to desert, to be shot, but not till a large number had deserted.

Then came a day of great rejoicing in the army, for an American vessel, the *Lee*, commanded by Captain Manly, captured the British brig *Nancy*, and took it into Marblehead.

On board the *Nancy* were two thousand muskets, one hundred thousand gun-flints, thirty thousand cannon shot, thirty tons of musket-balls and a thirteen-inch mortar.

The farmers of Essex County turned out with their ox-teams, and brought the whole to the army. When General Putnam saw the mortar, he seized a bottle of rum, jumped upon it, christened it "the Congress," and the soldiers shouted and hurrahd till they were hoarse.

A few days later, Henry Knox, who had been a book-seller in Boston, came into camp from the West with forty-two ox-sleds, bringing nearly fifty cannon from Ticonderoga, which were mounted in the works which the soldiers had thrown up.

While this was going on, General Thomas set some of the soldiers under him at work making great baskets of alders, called *fascines*. Abner Wilke worked upon them, wondering what the General intended to do with them. The General got together all the empty pork and beef barrels he could find in camp, and three hundred carts, with oxen and horses to draw them.

March came. On the night of the 3d, the cannon in the American lines were roaring all night long, those in Roxbury, Cambridge, on Winter Hill, Cobble Hill, Inman Farm, and other places, all going at once, throwing so many shot and shell into Boston that the British soldiers and the citizens remaining there had very little sleep.

The next night, the 4th, just after sunset, an order came for the regiment to which Abner belonged to parade at once. Abner seized his gun and powder-horn, and fell into line. The colonel gave the order to march, and the regiment moved on, joining other regiments, making two thousand soldiers in all.

They turned south, over the Dorchester hills, then east, and came to the salt marsh.

"No talking in the ranks," said the colonel, and they moved on in silence. The moon was shining. Abner could see Boston in the north-west. Beyond it, in Cambridge, at Charlestown Neck, on Winter Hill, and in Roxbury, the cannon were flashing and thundering, and the shells were exploding over the town.

Behind the troops, as they passed over the marsh, were the three hundred ox-teams, with the great baskets and empty pork barrels in them. The teamsters were not allowed to speak a word to their oxen. The long procession ascended the hill on the east side of the marsh, and when the top was gained,

Abner looked down upon a magnificent scene.

Below, in the harbor, was the great fleet of war ships, their port-holes open, and the muzzles of the cannon thrust out. He could hear the bells on board striking and the sailors crying, "Eight bells." The tide was flowing, and the ships were swinging in the stream.

He had no time to gaze idly about him, however, but seizing a shovel, went to work digging with all his might. Some of the soldiers took the great baskets, set them in rows, and shoveled earth into them. Others took the pork and beef barrels, filled them with stones, and placed them in such a position that they could be cut loose in an instant, and go rolling down the steep hill towards the harbor, to roll the red-coats out flat if they attempt to climb the hill.

All through the night they worked, and when morning came they had a strong fortification. When the light began to streak the east, the sentinels on board the ship were astonished to see a great bank of yellow earth looming above them. The admiral commanding the fleet looked at it, shook his head, and sent word to General Howe that the Yankees were on Dorchester Heights, that they must be driven off, or they would soon rain a shower of bullets upon his decks, and drive him out of the harbor.

All through the 4th of March there was a great commotion in Boston. General Howe was getting together all the boats he could lay his hands upon. There was marching to and fro of the soldiers, and a general preparation for a battle.

All this while Abner and his fellow-soldiers were working like beavers, getting cannon mounted, and making the fortifications stronger.

General Howe was going to send his army in boats from Boston, land the soldiers at the foot of the Dorchester hills, and march up the hill and get in the rear of the Americans, and so drive them out, or cut them off from the main land and capture them; but the wind suddenly began to blow, and the waves ran so high that he could not embark his troops,

and he had to do the only thing left for him to do, get out of Boston.

A few days later, the whole British army, and a great many of the citizens who had sided with the king, embarked on their ships, and the fleet sailed away for Halifax.

It was a proud day when the ships spread their sails and disappeared in the distance. Abner and his fellow-soldiers swung their hats and hurraed. By patience, perseverance and devotion to duty, they had driven the British out of the town, and so ended the first campaign of the Revolutionary War.

Selected.

ANECDOTES OF TEMPER.

A LUDICROUS and yet mortifying illustration of the length which a bad temper may drive one, is given by an English writer of the last century. A London tradesman and his wife quarrelled. From bitter words—such do not turn away wrath—they proceeded to throw the movable furniture, such as chairs and tables, out of the window. The wife, resolved to excel, then drew the feather-bed to the window, ripped the ticking and set all the feathers afloat in the open air. This did not satisfy her passion, for rushing to the stair-banisters, she broke her arm upon the rail, exclaiming, “Now, you scoundrel, you must pay for a surgeon.” This was to “tear a passion to tatters, to very rags,” in another sense from Shakespeare’s.

The celebrated English scholar, Dr. Samuel Parr, is the subject of an anecdote that shows not only his passionate nature, but the restraining influence of law. The doctor had a cat that was a great favorite.

He did not live happily with his first wife, and opening the door of his library once, just after a domestic quarrel, something bobbed up against his face. It was the dead body of his cat, who had been hanged and placed in that position to annoy him. Discovering this, he rushed up to the portrait of his wife, cut the throat, and exclaimed, “Thus would I serve the original if the law would permit me !”

It is the giving way to such fits of passion as these that has led many a man to the gallows. It was an Oriental king, a despot whose will was law, whose experience had taught him to record, “He that is slow to anger is better than the mighty ; and he that ruleth his spirit than he that taketh a city.”

“May I govern my passion with absolute sway,
And grow wiser and better as my strength wears away.”

Look up, and behold the eternal fields of light that lie round about the throne of God. Had no star ever appeared in the heavens, to man there would have been no heavens ; and he would have laid himself down to his last sleep, in a spirit of anguish, as upon a gloomy earth vaulted over by a material arch—solid and impervious.

ON THE SEA OF LIFE.

WORDS BY T. W. BROOKBANK.

Introduction.

Andante moderato.

MUSIC BY GEO. F. PHILLIPS.



S: Voice.

The bark of life has spread her sails And can't con-trol the breez-es; She

launch-es out in lust-y gales If not a soul she pleas-es, But

though the tempest tries you sore And ev'-ry change it seiz-es To

dou-ble toils and troubles o'er While none at all it eas-es.

Allegro moderato con spirito.

Still pull a - gainst the storm, my boy, And ev - er brave the weath - er, You'll

bring to port with bounding joy Your bark and self to - geth - er.

D. S.

A compass guide you must provide ;
 For times there are when sailing,
 That nature will in darkness hide,
 E'en starry heaven's veiling.
 Still time as needle to the pole;
 Though times are sadly ailing,
 You'll steer in safety for the goal,
 And find it, never failing.
 Then steer by compass true, my boy,
 There's nothing sore in chances ;
 To sail by luck will soon destroy
 The hopes that skill enhances.

Your boat may ride on rivers swift,
 That flow along forever ;
 'Tis easy then to sit and drift,
 And laugh at toil's endeavor.
 But when you reach the ebbing tide ;
 All hope of life you sever,
 For none who drift to seas so wide ;
 Come back to port, no never.
 Then row against the stream, my boy,
 That downward e'er is gliding ;
 For drifting ways as souls decoy,
 Where endless death's abiding.

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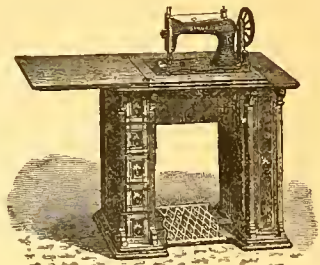
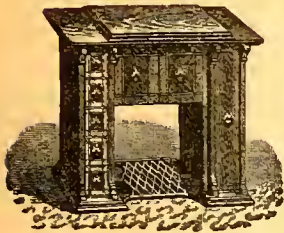
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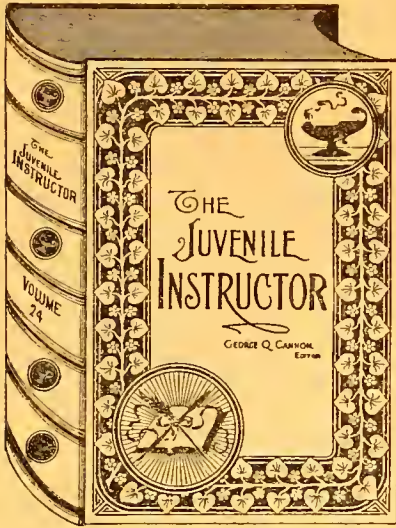
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

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